

# Jes' Plain Black Fo'ks

COMPOSED BY

ELLIOTT BLAINE HENDERSON

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POEMS COMPOSED  
BY

ELLIOTT BLAINE HENDERSON

AUTHOR OF  
THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITION  
OF

"Plantation Echoes"  
"Soliloquy of Satan"  
"Dis, Dat an' Tutter"  
"Humble Fo'ks"  
"Darky Meditations"  
"Uneddeekayted Fo'ks"



SPRINGFIELD, OHIO





# DEDICATION.

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This book is most respectfully dedicated to the following named gentlemen, who were among the first to give encouragement to my literary effusions.

Mr. Geo. S. Anderson  
Mr. Sinclair Berdan  
Mr. Wm. Standart  
Mr. W. T. Huntsman  
Mr. Fred W. Reama  
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## DE BES' STATE IN DE LAN'!

Ah comes from ol' Verginnee,  
De bes' state in de lan'!  
Whah fo'ks hain't skyahd to meet you,  
Hain't erfraid to shake yo' han'.  
Dey's jes' plain an' ol' fashion,  
Dey don't put on no airs,  
Wid fo'k's dat do, you bet yo' life  
Dey's got no time to spare.

Why down in ol' Verginnee,  
Why, it's "come in! howdee-you-doo!"  
Hab er bite ob sumpun, fo' yo' journey  
you pursue!  
Jes' stay long ez you mine to,  
You needn' pay er cent!  
Jes' make yo'se'f one ob us  
An' we all, will feel content!  
An' feed yo'? lawd er massy chile!  
Dey don't know when to stop!  
It's hab some mo' dat hog head, brudder,  
Hab er nudder chop!  
Den fus' ting yo'll hyah ol' uncle, say,  
Chile, is yo' skyahd to eat?  
Ef you don't eat up all ah pass,  
You'll i'sult ol' Uncle Pete!

Den nex' hyah comes ol' granny  
Wid some egg pone jes' lak gol'!  
Some mustard greens wid bacon  
An' some good ol' fat hog jowl!  
An' by de time she's fotchd yo'  
Plenty chicken, plenty gobbler,  
Bejinks yo' hain' got room ernuf  
To stuff down apple cobbler.

Poor dy soon yo'll see ol' granny,  
Sof'ly steal out in de kitchen,

Tain't long fo' she's totein' back,  
Jes' er rahin' back jes' er switchin'.  
Den ol' uncle ejacerlates,  
"Sho' ez ah's born to die"!  
Sookeeryah, Loocy Jane,  
Whah am mah Rock an' Rye"!

Den granny kinder teasin' lak  
Pokes out er dimmejohn.  
An' uncle clahs his tho'at dat sounds  
Bout lak er cracked fox horn.  
An' says, "dis takes all de kinks  
Out de back!  
So pass yo goards  
An' hab jes' er smack"!  
It's good fo' de rich,  
It's good fo' de po'!  
Go back in de kitchen Lizea  
Fotch us all some mo'.

Dat's de way dem fo'kses treat yo',  
Dey want to see yo' joy yo'se'f!  
Eat an' drink jes all yo' mine to  
Long ez anyting is lef'.  
Yo' bet dey's allus got er barrel ob  
Grub eroun' de shanty!  
Summer, winter, spring er fall,  
You nebber find it scanty  
You go to chu'ch, to Sunday meetin',  
Ebbry body wants to meet yo'!  
Dey don't wait fo' yo' to speak fus'  
But dey tote right up an' greet yo'!  
Dey don't stan' off er lookin' lak  
Yo' was some alligator,  
Erfraid to git up close to yo',  
Lak yo's er spile pertayter.

Yo'll find dem zackly lak ah tells yo'  
Ez ol' fashion ez de dickens!  
Don't kyah ef yo's ez poh ez snakes,  
Er rich ez Peter Diggins!

It hain't yo' clothes dey's lookin' at,  
Ner at yo' eddeerkeyshen.  
But good hoss sense an' propah ways  
Whut wins dey admiration!

Ahs been up hyah in dis hyah state,  
Ah spec' poord nah fow years er so.  
Deez fo'kses to git quainted wid,  
Dey sho' Gawd knows am mos' powful slo'  
Ah kaint git use to dem at tall,  
Dey ac's too ristercrattie fo' me.  
Ahd rudder be bodderd wid yaller jackets  
Er stung in de ankle  
Wid er bumble bee!  
Dat's why yo' dadd an' me's sich pallies.z  
Kaze de fus' time dat ah struck diss town,  
Er stranger, he walked up to me,  
Says' howd doo brudder which way's yo's  
bound?

Why he jes' made me feel right dah  
We'd bofe been 'quainted forty yeahs.  
It did mah ol' heart so much good,  
Ah mus, hab drapped some joyful tears!  
Ah knowed right dah, yo' daddy's  
Some de ol' Verginnee stock!  
When he frowed his mouf wide open,  
An' he den commenced to talk.  
Zackly lak dem fo'ks down yonder,  
It was, "come go home wid me!  
We'll fill up de pots an' skilletts  
Fill yo' up till yo' kain't see!

Ef dey all was lak yo' daddy,  
Wid er smile an' frenly han',  
Dog mah cats, an' string terbaccer!  
Ah don't bleeb ahd leeb diss lan'.  
Kaze he's jes' de sort o' pusson  
Dat can make yo' feel at home,  
Till yo' feel jes' lak er settlin' down,  
Wid feelin's not to roam!



## THE CAPTIVATING MISTAH BONESGET!

De atmosphere am sumptuous,  
Radder copeyess, don't you tink?  
How's you been pair boilin'  
Since ah seed you las', Miss Pinnk?  
Is yo' health been aggerfortess  
In de aspec' ob refrain?  
In de hope dat youse been tollable,  
Does distort me much in vain.

Yes, de air am very fertile,  
Mistah Bonesett, sumptuous, too!  
De stravergance ob de wedder  
Some whut renders me ah—boo!  
But mah health seems perpendickler  
An' er li'l bit obtoose,  
Dat prevents de fermentation  
Ob mah makin', any skewee!

Well ah's powful glad to know Miss Pinnk,  
Youse been so copperrottie!  
An' yo incandessent feelin's  
Habent lef' you narerocottie!  
But de season am specific,  
Fo' de good ol' times renew  
So we'll tote into de ball room  
An' bofe dance er step er two!

Why dat meets all mah compunctions,  
Mistah Bonesett, to er tittle!  
Ah jes' hopps plum over sally,  
When ah hyahs er screetchin' fiddle.  
Does ah hol' mah train petightly?  
Is ah lookin' pickerdilly?  
Miss Pinnk, youse sho' disastrous!  
You am sho' er flouncin' lilly!

## CRISPUS ATTUCKS!

Ye sons of Adam's mighty race,  
Unfettered by God's munificent grace,  
Have ye forgot that noble sire,  
Who filled with patriotic fire,  
Struck first the blow for freedom's cause  
To abrogate the tyrant's laws?  
If such there be let him be shunned,  
By every loyal patriot son!  
He is not fit for freedmen's clan,  
Who forgets the deeds of such a man!

Heaven hath decreed through Adam's fall,  
Each race for a spell must bear the thrall.  
Through blood and tears it must be freed,  
By brave magnanimous, generous deeds.

Hear ye! the cry from thralldom's plain;  
"Arise ye slaves, shake off thy chains!"  
While tyrants tremble, cringe and groan,  
Dismayed they totter on their thrones!  
Against tyranny, that great revolt,  
Rushed like the mighty thunder bolts,  
And like a vesuvius in eruptive state,  
It left the foe most desolate!

Liberty, the invigorating elixir sweet!  
Descended from heav'n's mercy seat,  
The boon for which all mankind thrives,  
Bought by the blood of countless lives,  
Inspired that act which broke the spell,  
For which brave Crispus Attucks, fell.

Well didst he strike! This martyr brave,  
Couldst he but rise up from his grave  
Behold his country disenthralled,  
In majesty and sweet content,  
'Mid scenes most glorious, eloquent,  
Filled with an unctuous holy joy  
To sweeter dreams he could lie down,  
Through evening shades pass to yon shore  
Receive the well earned martyr's crown.

Who was this man whose deeds we trace?  
He was of Ethiopia's race,  
Whose sons have suffered, bled and died,  
To help make this land unified!

Ye sons of Ethiopia's race,  
Arise with dignity and grace!  
Since from beneath the chastening rod  
Ye have been raised by mighty God,  
Heaven expects thee to help rear,  
The mighty structure building here!

His body sleeps beneath the sod,  
O'er which no tyrants cohorts trod.  
Though dead, yet he is more alive  
Than when on earth he did here strive.  
The blow he struck for freedom's band,  
Still goes resounding through the land.  
To those unborn it shall proclaim  
"Liberty for all" in Heaven's name.

His deeds shall shine like that great light  
Which bursts from Pisga's lofty height.  
The encircling gloom cannot obscure  
It's light that shines for ever more.



So let His deeds your souls inspire!  
Filled with a patriotic fire,  
First, last and always, ever be,  
A negro! Proud of your ancestry!

Liberty enthroned the great jubilate  
Is sung by the Angels as they congregate,  
Around the portals of the Lord  
And strike their harps with one accord!

Write with a vigor, with a fire,  
The name of this redoubtable sire!  
Upon the page ascribed to those,  
Who died to lift a nation's woes!

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## OH MY! OH MY!

Hain't yo' glad dat summah's come?  
Oh my! Oh my!  
You can hyah de birds chatter, you can hyah  
de bees hum,  
Oh my! Oh my!  
An' de air am balm, an' de air am sweet,  
An' de wild flow'rs hoppin'-up 'bout yo' feet,  
While de sun up yondah am er frowin' down  
heat,  
Oh my! Oh my!

Meadows green an' sof' ez down!  
Oh my! Oh my!  
Spreadin' out all 'bout de town,  
Oh my! Oh my!  
'Pears lak dey to er niggah say,  
"Frow yo' hoe an' shubbel erway  
Loaf an' wollow de live long day,  
Oh my! Oh my!

De tayter craps am sproutin' fine!  
Oh my! Oh my!  
Melluns soon'll be on de vine,  
Oh my! Oh my!  
Sugah corn an' all sich stuff,  
Buddah beans all in er puff,  
Man hain't ah done said ernuff?  
Oh my! Oh my!

Dat's de time dat seems to me,  
Oh my! Oh my!  
Whut de preechahs call de juberlee!  
Oh my! Oh my!  
Tings am skrunksness, tings am gran'!  
Sumdeeleress on ebbry han'  
Lak dem 'cross Jordan on de udder stran',  
Oh my! Oh my!

## DARKY OPTIMISM.

Yo' needn't watch diss ol' man,  
Out de corner ob yo' eye,  
When yo' see him er totin'  
Wid er dimmeejohn ob rye!  
Jes' git out de way  
An' keep to you'se'f  
Kaze yo' not ergwine to git  
None diss stuff ob uncle Jeff!

Ahs been down to de white fo'ks  
Er hoein' de tayter patch!  
Er diggin' an' er weedin'  
An' er shubblin' lak de scratch.  
An' de sun done roas' me  
Till ahs dry ez er skinch!  
Ahs got to hab somepun  
Fo' diss niggers th'oat to quench!

Ah bahly can tote  
Long down de lane jes' now!  
But lemmee tas'e mah toddy  
An' ah'll sho' yo' all how,  
To kick up yo' heels  
An' honp ereross de picketts,  
An' out run de lead houn'  
Er strippin' thoo de thicketts!

Some how nudder,  
'Pears de older ah's er gittin',  
Toddy am de only ting,  
Dat seems to make me fittin'!  
An' dey hain't no tellin'  
Whut diss ol' man kain't do,  
Fum buttin' down an ox  
To heistin' up er mule er two!

So ah drinks mah toddy,  
An' ah drinks mak licker!  
It makes me mo' pow'ful  
An' ah gits erbout quicker!

## DE FRACAS IN DE CHOIR.

Ob all de tings dat happen, fo'ks  
In er com'cal sort o' way,  
An' one gawd knows ah won't fo'git  
Ef ah out live Jobe's day,  
It tuck place, way back yonder  
In Eighteen Sebenty-three,  
Jes' shortly after comin' back  
Mahse'f fum Tennersee.

De kayshun was er funer'l  
One Sunday at dechu'ch.  
De dead man in de coffin  
Was de good ol' Deacon Perch.  
De Pawson axd me ef ah wouldn't  
Tote up in de choir,  
An' play on de merlodein,  
To he'p sing sot Siss Merryor.

De chu'ch was packed wid black fo'ks  
Honey, way back to de doh.  
Befo' ah takes mah tex de Pawson  
Said, we'll sing some mo'!  
Ah said den to de choir,  
Rise up an' sing Hawk fum de Tomb!  
Merryor, she got mad an' said,  
We won't sah! ah presume!

She said, we's gwine to sing de chune  
Dat ah's done picked out hyah!  
Den after dat, we'll rise an' sing,  
Sum udder, after prah.  
Say, hol' on sister, nex' ah said,  
Why does you disagree?  
"Shet up! she sklaimed, how dah you sah!  
To frippertate wid me!"

“Ef you don’t lak sah, what ah’s said,  
You swallertail eyed fool,  
Pucker up yo’s’e’f real tight  
An’ git down fum dat stool!  
You kain’t play dat ting any way,  
You jes’ can make it squeak!  
Er gittin’ up dah an’ tryin’ to play  
Youse full ob gall an’ cheek.”

Ah said, be kam now sistah.  
Er git out ef you don’t lak it!  
Kaze ah’s de leader hyah today,  
Hyah’s Deacons fo’ to back it!  
Den when de choir got up to sing  
She didn’t budge an’ inch,  
An’ ’fused to he’p when she was axd  
To git up fum de bench.

Dey sung de fus’ an’ secon’ verse,  
De Pawson tuck his tex,  
An’ all de time Merryor  
She fussed at me in er vex,  
Said she, “wait till ah gits you  
Ah’ll kick yo’ insides out!  
You hambone hippercritt scoundrel,  
You kain’t dictate me er bout!”

Ah said, “now big foot Susan,  
We all knows you is here.”  
Now ef ah’s you, ah would keep still,  
Don’t lak er monkey ‘pear!  
Yo’ voice sounds lak er worried dog  
Dat’s pestered wid de itch.  
You squall way bove de udders  
An’ youse nebber got de pitch!



Dat struck her lak er bumb shell,  
She narly tuck mah jacket!  
Ef some one hadn't held her down,  
Right dah, she'd raised er rackett!  
Aldoh she got er li'l kam,  
She still was feelin' warm!  
Ah knowed when serbices was out,  
She's gwine to raise er storm.

De Pawson got thew preachin',  
An' we sang, "Bless be de Tie",  
"Take Down yo' Harps Fum de Willers",  
"Don't Let de Chariot Pass You By"!  
Ah nex struck up de funeral march,  
Real solemn, lak, an' slo',  
An' when ah thought de corpse was out  
Ah struck out fo' de doh!

But good Lawd! fo' ah got ha'f way,  
Dah stood Merryor waitin',  
Er puffin' an' pusspirein',  
Lak some big black sheep er blatein'!  
She weighed ah specks free hunded  
An' she's stronger den an' ox,  
Ah bet mah coon skin jacket,  
She stood six feet in her sox!

She yelled "you pizen skunk,  
Whut am dat youse done said to me?"  
You am done pusseefied me  
An' done 'sult mah diggerneetee!  
She struck out lak er lightnin' bolt,  
Lawd! how ah hopped erside!  
An' sklaimed, "now see hyah sistah,  
Diss ting mus' be recterfied!"

“Recterfy de debil”,  
All ah d’sahs, to knock you down”!  
Buss you twix de eye balls,  
Wid you wipe up diss hyah groun’!  
Ah let you know you hain’t er gwine  
To pusseecute Merryor  
Whose one de pillahs ob diss chu’ch  
An’ leader ob dis choir!

Ah didn’t zackly sprint, but say,  
Ah didn’t lose no time!  
When you is skyahd, ah allus said,  
“To run it am no crime”!  
De Lawd he gimmee two good legs,  
An’ ah can use ’em, too!  
Dey hain’t much diffunce in mah speed  
An’ dat ob er kangaroo!

She come at me er flyin’,  
Lak er big puzsimmon bear!  
Ah lift up bofe mah hoppahs  
An’ out run er Belgian hare!  
Ah knowed ef her big carcuss  
Ebber drapped erpon dis nigger,  
Dey wouldn’t been er nuff grease lef’,  
To oil er muskett trigger!

Dey’s one de Deacons grabbed her  
But she toh loose fum her jacket,  
She hollered, “go way deacon,  
Ah hain’t thew wid diss hyah rackett!”  
Ah made er bee line fo’ de doh,  
But right dah on de stairs,  
Dah stood de weepin’ mourners,  
An’ de husky big pall bears.



But right on thew, sum how ah went,  
Sum how ah got outside,  
Sum whut out ob bref mahse'f,  
But glad to save mah hide.  
Ah nebbah seed er woman  
Wid so much fat in mah life,  
Jump up an' use her foots so fas',  
In er fracas an' er strife!

To me it am er riddle,  
An' it beats de ol' sam patch,  
How ah got out ob sich er squabble,  
Widdout er single scratch.  
But she made me do sum dodgin',  
Was wuss den maulin' rails,  
An' made me hop an' run so fas',  
Dat de blackes' would tarnd pale!

## - THE OLD VETERANS.

Doff your hats and bow your heads  
The Old Veterans are passing by!  
Battled scarred, their days far spent,  
Life's eventide fast draweth nigh.

Warriors bold, gallant and brave,  
They faltered not, they new no fear,  
Where e'er their captain led the way,  
They sallied forward, with a cheer.  
Decrepid, haltingly they go,  
Like tottering children, step, by step!  
Within their eyes still is the glow of  
    patriotism,  
That has not slept.

The world has heard their belching guns,  
The rattle of their musketry,  
Behold their dashing, cavalcades,  
Fight! That a nation might be free!  
Their deeds are mighty as the sea,  
And shine bedazzling as the sun!  
An inspiration to all men  
Who've struggled, since the world begun.

They fought for that approved by God!  
Truth and right, justice for all!  
And heav'n and earth rejoiced as one  
When burst the nation's bond and thrall!

Christ shed his blood on Calvary,  
That man might be redeemed from sin.  
The deeds of those who nobly died  
With that great deed are truly kin.

Through rivers of blood through rivers of  
tears,  
These conquering heroes, marched and  
slayed,  
Like Ceasar's men, faced hell's fierce fires,  
But not for once were they dismayed.

Yes, they are passing! One, by one.  
The great creator, Lord of all,  
Angels and men drop tears and pause,  
When these true patriot, heroes fall\*

Salute these veterans one and all!  
Who await their summons, await their call.  
Tribute and praise to those who fought,  
To make supreme our National Law.

## MUTUALITY.

Good evenin' Miss Sofeeyah!  
Ah hopes you palpertates wid pleasure.  
Ef mah eyes, dey don't deceive me,  
Youse an' allerbaster treasure.  
Ah presippertates de proverb  
Dat ah may hab yo' consent  
To obskort you home diss evenin'  
Ah'll recept de consequent!

To me yo' eyes am charmin'  
Ez de dazzlin' muskerdine.  
You woo me lak de wattermillun  
Danglin' on de vine!  
Yo' voice am music to mah ear  
Lak de cackle ob de hen.  
De utmos' ob de bruptness,  
Miss, ah hopes you compêrhen'.

Yo' language Mistah Ringworm's  
Way beyond mah skoppertee.  
Ah feels dat you am inconseer  
An' dat you flatters me.  
De dictum ob de circumstance  
Don't 'low me to protrude,  
Fo' fear befo' yo' joocy eyes  
Ah might 'pear somewhut rude.

Don't let dat frustercate you' Miss,  
Mah words ob love don't disconstrue.  
Ah wood disdain to flatter so,  
When sich ez diss pertains to you!  
Me sames de bumble bee an' de catterpillar  
De Billy goats an' de bobb tail rabbitts  
De tumble bug an' de snappin' turtle,  
Ah's got mah tricks an' got mah habits.

But it's onterial, beyond de mutton.  
Dat copeyess ez mah language 'pears,  
You need hab no timmillertee  
You needn' hab no doubts an' fears.  
Recep' me please in mah reques'  
Dat ah may tote erlong wid you  
An' ef de circumstance propels  
We will diss subjee' mo' pursue.

Ah grants yo' ques', wid sweet delight!  
An' 'cep' all dat you say, wid glee!  
An' ef you takes me by de arm,  
Dey'll bè no annermosertee.

## AN OLD FASHION DARKY PRAYER.

Oh Lawd hab mussy  
On diss po' ol' nigger,  
Whose feekted wid de gout  
An' de biles an' de stiggers!  
Mah foots am got bunyons  
Mah foots am got corns,  
Oh Lawd diss nigger's road  
Seems er wilderness ob thorns!

Ah's stung lak er yaller jacket,  
Stung lak er bee,  
Wid trials an' tribyoolayshens  
Thick ez acorns on de tree!  
De burden ahs er totein's  
Gittin' hebbier an' bigger,  
Good Lawd hab mussy  
On diss po', ol', nigger!

Trouble come erlong,  
An' ah meets him face to face!  
Ah takes out, an' ah tinks  
Ah's outstripped him in de race.  
But ol' man troubles  
Too soople fo' me!  
He's swifter on de wing,  
Den er fresh born bumble bee!

Lawd, yo' know  
How diss nigger hab tried,  
To keep peace in de fam'ly  
At mah humble fireside.  
But hyahs er big knot  
On de back ob mah head,  
Whah ah was hit by Mandy,  
It's er wonder ah hain't dead!

How long, good Lawd,  
How long, how long,  
Mus' ah stan' diss hyah pester  
Mus' ah stan' diss wrong?  
Jobe nebber seed de day  
Dat he ebber stood so much,  
Ez diss ol' man dat's gittin' erbout,  
Er hoppin' on er cruteh!

Ah nebber stole er chicken,  
Ner ah nebber stole er goose!  
Ah nebber stole er millen,  
Ner been in de callerbooce!  
Ah nebber drunk no whisky  
But once in mah life  
An' ah nebber got vexsayshess nuff  
To kick erbout mah wife!  
Oh, Lawd, Oh, Lawd,  
Come down in mah hut!  
An' he'p dis po' ol' nigger  
Out de valley an' de rutt!  
Jes' bus' open de doh  
An' tote right in,  
Fotch all yo' famly  
An' fotch all yo' kin.



## THE CLOSE OF DAY.

Soft, soft the day  
From earth takes flight,  
From unknown heights  
Slips down the night  
While sweet strains float  
From heavenly choirs  
Fond Holy hands  
Light up the stars.

The flowers droop  
Their petals close,  
Bird, beast and man  
Seek sweet repose  
Calm and serene  
All nature sleeps,  
While heavenly hosts  
Quiet vigil, keep.



## HAIN'T YO' GLAD DIS AM TANKSGIBBIN'

Wake up! Wake up!  
Betsy Speer!  
Haint you glad  
Tanksgibbin's hyeer?  
Hopp eroun' diss shanty,  
An' don't be fraid to hussel!  
Leave off yo' hoops,  
An' leave off yo' bussel!

Hain't yo' glad diss am Tanksgibbin'?  
Hain't yo' glad  
We bofe am libbin'?

Hain't no gal can beat yo' siss.  
Honey, give yo' ol' man jes' one kiss  
Den we'll bofe go,  
Git bizzy in de kitchen!  
Fo' possum an' tayters,  
Mah stummick am er itchin'.

Hain't yo' glad diss am Tanksgibbin'?  
Hain't yo' glad  
We bofe am libbin'?

Don't yo' tink in diss ol' shanty,  
Vittells am skace,  
Ner vittells am scanty.  
Diss ol' man am boun' to keep,  
Grubb fum chittlins,  
Plum down to sheep.

Hain't yo' glad diss am Tanksgibbin'?  
Hain't yo' glad  
We bofe am libbin'?

Ah gits pestibberess  
Wid bofe foots flingin'  
When Betsy gits to hummin',  
When Betsy gits to singin'.  
Makin' pumpkin pie  
An' fixin' up de batter,  
Possum, sweet tayters  
Fo' de great big platter.

Hain't yo' glad diss am Tanksgibbin'?  
Hain't yo' glad  
We bofe am libbin'?

Thanksgibbin' am de day,  
Fo' de bes' tings to eat.  
Dat sots yo' er tinglin'  
Fum yo' stummick to yo' feet.  
Somepun lak de feas'  
Ob ol' Bellshazzar,  
Dat's fittin' fo' er king,  
Lak Nebberkernazzar!

Hain't yo' glad diss am Tanksgibbin'?  
Hain't yo' glad  
We bofe am libbin'?

## EXTEMPORANEOUS.

Gennemen, an' ladies,  
Mah words am few!  
Mah corns am er hurtin',  
An' mah bunyons, too.  
Ahs been boddered wid de gout  
Fo' de las' six weeks!  
An' ohs got er case ob 'ralliger,  
Umph! in bofe ob mah cheeks!

Ah feels, kinder stuffy,  
Kaze ah eat up while ergo,  
Two chickens, forty biscuits,  
An' er pot ob greens er so!  
An' beside ah eat er possum  
Dat was frowed in fo dissert,  
So ah hain't much fit fo' talkin',  
Ah hain't feelin' quite so peert!

But dat's needer hyah,  
Ner dat's needer dah.  
Skewces hain't de ting,  
Dat yo' fokses want to hyah.  
So ah'll jes' break off  
An' come to mah tex,  
Ef yo'll jes' bah er minute  
Till ah wipes off mah specks!

Ah's little skyahd ah's bit off  
Li'l' mo' den ah can chew.  
In risin' up dis evenin'  
Fo' to try to redress you.  
Ah didn't hab no idea  
It was sich er job ez diss,  
Kaze ef ah had, it's sartin,  
Hyahs one nigger yo'd er miss.

Still ah won't ac' er fool  
An' try to wiggle out de traces,  
Ersplashly after peerin'  
In so many dazzlin' faces!  
De Tom cat am de Tom cat  
De Billg goat am ol' Billy,  
Ah'll try to reach de summit  
But it sho' am powful hilly!

De worl am trabblin' mighty fas',  
Lak de lightnin' dat's er flashin',  
Yo' tink some time she gwine to stop,  
But on she keeps er dashin',  
Diss am de time ob 'vancement,  
Cullahd fo'kses whah's yo gwine?  
Times got too fas' fo' walkin',  
Umph! De white fo'ks gone to flyin'!

We now can take ah stool an' set,  
'Neef de fig an' juniper tree!  
An' ef we desah, lak Zackess,  
Git up ez high ez he.  
De risin' tide ob progress  
Am reachin' sich er score,  
Till de struggles masteekayted,  
Ebbryting is honkkeedore.

We am er part an' paresoil  
Ob dis lan' ob liberty,  
Dat am so frussterkayted  
Wid sich sassferritertee  
An' when ah counts de minutes,  
An' de seconds to er dot,  
Ah feels lak gittin' up runnin',  
Till mah ankles bofe git hot!

Oh Dove ob Peace,  
Whah am yo' roostin'?  
Flop down! Yo's welcome  
Yo' am no nuisance!  
De fracas an' strife  
Bofe run lak er steer,  
When yo' floop yo' wings  
An' drap down hyeer!

Ah tanks yo' gennemen an' ladies,  
Wid er feelin' mos petight,  
Fo' all diss hyah pomppositee  
Dat fellissertates mah sight.  
Let de yaller dog rejoiceecate  
Wid de rabbitts an' de Billy goat.  
Ah wont grumble, tall  
Ef it's jes' poke chops  
Er an' ol' fat piece ob shoat!

Oh roary boreree Alice!  
Oh sunlight ob de sunlight,  
Fling down yo' rays ob silver  
An' make diss lan' shine bright.  
Wave on an' flutter to de breeze,  
Dat banner ob de stars,  
May possum an' tayters  
Chicken an' poke chops  
An' egg pone, ebber be ours!

## WISHED AH'D RODE MAH HOSS—Revised.

Rode on dat dah lectric kyah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Scared me wussan den er bah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Nebbah seed sich runnin', son  
Swo' we's flyin' to de sun,  
Thought diss darky's days was done,  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!

Gee! dat ting sho' split de ah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Lak er highferlootin' stah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Ebbryting was blurred in sight!  
Dust flew higher den er kite,  
Couldn' tell de lef' fum right!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!

When she struck eroun' de kyrve,  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Ah loss mah head an' loss mah nerve,  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Umph! she kyahd us down de line!  
No hobo could stuck behine.  
Ef he had, he'd gone stone bline!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!

Now an' den she'd sortah reel!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Chilled mah blood fum head to heel!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Taw erbout er powful prah,  
Gawd knows! Ah made one righ dah!  
Ahd drudder been ridin' on mah ol' gray mah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!



When she made dat lunge  
Wid er crickertee crack!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Good Lawd! Ah hollered!  
She's gwine to leeb de track!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
She wobbled lak er tea cup  
Only hitin' high places.  
Rarin' lak er race hoss in new traces!  
Till it looked lak de debbil'd  
Done busted loose her braces!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!

When dat fellah stopped dat kyah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
In less den er jiffy  
Ah hopped out ob dah!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!  
Ah wouldn't ride no mo'  
Ef dey'd let me ride free!  
Ol' Susan's fas' ernuf fo' me!  
Ef she am way behine  
In er sprintin' bee!  
Wished ahd rode mah hoss!

## BEFO' DE REGLAH PERCEEDINS.

Befo' we expedite tonight  
De proceeds ob procedure,  
Ah desahs to fotch up 'fo' yo' all  
Annuddah kind ob feature.  
It pains me much to larn some fac's  
Erbout er suttin' pawty,  
Who am done been erkewzed by one  
Ob dulgen in much toddy!

De fac's to me 'pears somewhut sprite  
An' tippifies er lickrish drop!  
Read de sign in de rabbitt's foot!  
Behold which way de rooster flopp!  
Whahfo' de law in Brackstone says  
"Don't 'cep de combattillertee!  
But raddah specify dahfo'  
To prove de inability!"

Mah comment 'pon de fac's am diss—  
De circumstances ob diss case  
Am swallowed up wid lots ob doubt!  
De fac's an' figgers pro an' con  
Debolves on yo' to fotch 'em out!

De verbeality seems to me  
To hopp skipp jump beyond er frazzel!  
But ah don't 'poze yo' all shall make  
De law er fake er big skiddazzel!  
Whahfo' in justice to yo' all  
Ah pusifies right hyah de pawty  
Who am so pintly been erkewzed  
Ob 'dulgin' in er lots ob toddy!



So bruddah Jones will please stan' up  
Befo' dis robus' body,  
An' clah yo' coat tails ob dis charge  
Erbout yo' drinkin' toddy!  
De brudder tells me, yestiddy  
He seed yo' wid er bottle!  
Fum it yo's drinkin' whiskey, sah!  
Till yo could bahly-waddle!

An' dat he seed yo' once befo'  
Er drinkin' down de alley!  
An' dat it mus' been tammerrack  
De way yo's drinkin' farely.  
But right hyah lemme say one ting  
We want no razzah pullin'!  
Ah stakes hyah on diss rabbitt's foot  
We'll hab none ob dat foolin'!

“Who am de man dat vilifies  
Me, Mistah Moderator?  
In sich specktiiferous eggfoam  
An' stabs me lak er traitor!  
Am he hyah? Let him rizz up  
An' qualify dis matter!  
Ah'll prove hyah by de alibi  
He am er liein' adder!

Forty yeers! yes mo' den dat  
Ah's b'longed to dis hyah church!  
Dis am de fus' time in mah life  
Ah's ebbah had er smerch!  
It am no dictum hyah to me  
To roobicate an' squerm!  
Watch dat man who tol' yo' dat  
He am er pizen worm!

Er snake in de grass!  
Yes! wuss den dat!  
Er dog! er beas'ly ass!  
Stan' up yo' scoundrel ef yo' dah  
Ah'll choke yo' lak er bass!

Sah! it am p'posstrus fo' to tink  
Dat ahd digress de law!  
Hyah! When ah stoops to sich disgrace  
Come, smash me in de jaw!

Er man ob mah subbillity  
Am got too much vitooperuss pride,  
An' stans back 'pon mah indignee  
An' 'fuze to be so villified!

Who am de man, yo' heah me sah?  
Sho' me de pizen vagabond!  
Loan me yo' razzah deacon Pine  
Ah'll kyahrve him plum down to de ground!

You out ob ordah Bruddah Jones!  
Draw in yo' horns! Don't rile lak dat!  
Tawk to de pint, an' kamly pursoo!  
Don't fizz 'roun' lak er chessy cat!

Yo' pull er razzah in diss church  
Ah'll use diss ball bat on yo' head!  
Ef yo' don't lak de way ah rules,  
Tote out an' sot in dat wood shed!

"Now see hyah, mistah chairman,  
Ah's got de flo'!  
Ah 'poze to skuss diss ting plum out!  
Lay down dat ball bat till ah's froo,  
Fum A to Z, ah 'poze to spout!

Mah character am been erspowzed!  
Mah good name frus' widdin de dus'!  
Befo' ah'd fail to spute dat ting,  
Ah'd let mah inside, outside bus'!

Once mo' ah ax yo',  
Whah am de man dat concocks  
Sich er scheme ez diss?  
Pint him out hyah fo' mah eyes!  
An' lemmee smash him wid mah fiss!

Well Bruddah Jones, ef yo' mus' kno',  
De man dat tole me diss hyah ting,  
Am sotin' right dah! Fo' yo' eyes  
Er fumblin' wid dat chicken's wing!

Who? Deacon Squabbles?  
Am he de man dat cockted dat ergin me,sah?  
Whahfo' yo' sneeks widdin' de grass  
When ah is axin' fo' yo' hyah!

Is yo' got de dassity sah! to sklaim  
Yo' seed me wid er dimmeejohn,  
An' seed me drinkin' tammerrack,  
Till ebbry bit ob it was gone?

Yessah! Ah bleeb ah did say dat!  
Ah said you's drinkin' licker sah!  
Ef mah refleckshun serbs me right,  
Ah seed yo' ez ah hoppd de kyah!

Dat am er lie yo' pizen skunk!  
Yo' tamminates de race ob Ham!  
Yo' confoun brack hide chicken thief  
Yo' nebbah seed me tace er dram!

Lawd yes ah did!  
Las' Chewsdays night  
Bofe deacon Squash an' you was tight!  
Yo' bofe was at de barr'l bung hole,  
An' drinkin' Lawd, wid all yo' might!

Whut! Look hyah mistah Chairman,  
He's got to fight me sho'!  
Deacon, hol' mah dustah!  
Git back! Gimme some mo' flo'!  
Now ef yo's got er spec' ob san',  
Stan' up an' fight me lak er man!

Stop! Stop! Yo' all!  
Ah rules de chair!  
Sot down bofe ob yo'  
Whah yo' air!  
Yo's gittin' too rambunkshess hyah!  
Ah dahfo' church bofe ob yo' all!  
Hyah! Deacon Bonesett, deacon Pine  
Fro' bofe dem brudders in de hall!

While we all rize up now an' sing,  
Behold de amorites come 'roun'  
De joobersights dey kain't be foun'.  
Ol' Fahro's loss his hoss an' ass  
An' Moses wins de race at las'!

## WAY DOWN SOUF.

Sing dat song once mo', Miss Mandy,  
Jes' once mo', jes' ef yo' please!  
Sounds ez sweet ez angel whispers,  
An' de song birds 'mong de trees,  
It kyahs me back! way back yonder,

Way down Souf!

Whah we tromped thoo' de cotton fields,  
An' when ah hearts was sad,  
We sing'd dat chune  
Fo' to make ah souls glad,  
Way down Souf!

Yo' know nuffin' 'bout dem days, Miss Mandy,  
Dat was befo' yo' time!  
'Sides yo's been r'ared  
In er diffun' clime!  
Yo' nebbah had to wock fum de fus' horn blo'  
Lak we uster had to wock  
Till de sun sink'd low,  
Way down Souf!

But we had good times, Miss Mandy,  
Sum good ol' times fo' sho'!  
But ol' Missy an' ol' Massa,  
We didn' let 'em know.  
Yo' bet we's mighty kyahful  
When we had ah dance an' feas',  
Dat ol' Missy an' ol' Massa  
Didn't git an inklin' in de leas'!

When Ah hyah dat chune, Miss Mandy,  
Ah wants to step erbout,  
An' do jes' lak de ol' fo'ks,  
Ez dey uster sing an' shout,  
Way down Souf!

I kin see dem now!  
Ez dey raised dey voice to sing,  
An' sot de cl' big cabin  
In one great big ring!  
Way down Souf!

But dem days done gone, Miss Mandy!  
Dey's gone lak er dream.  
An' de ol' fo'ks,  
Done crossed de stream!  
But doh dey's gone,  
An' ah's lef' erlone,  
An' ol' age creeped  
In mah ebbry bone,  
Dey's a hankerin' feelin'!  
Keeps er dribein' me back,  
Way down Souf!

When er dahky is ol',  
An' his step comes slo',  
An' he totters lak er reed,  
When de sof' winds blow,  
An' all his ties ob erf am dead,  
An' fo'ks all strange  
Whah ebber he tread,  
It's de ol' time chune,  
Wid er clah, keen knock!  
Dat makes yo' feel new.  
'Peahs yo' youth come back,  
Way down Souf!



## “CHUNKIN ’EM UP!”

Mah tex am foun’,  
In de book ob John,  
One eye, one, one eye!  
Sebbenteen chapter,  
An’ de too-tee-tooth verse,  
An ah hyahd Paul stan’, an’ cry,

Why am yo’ sotin’ hyah,  
Wid nuffin’ to do?  
When sinners lak merskeetahs  
Am er flockin’ ’roun’ you!  
How does yo’ ’spec’  
Fo’ de hyahbuss to be sickled?  
Does yo’ tink dat makes,  
De Lawd hanny, an’ tickled?

Whut does de bible say?  
“Git out, in de hedges!”  
Knock down de sinners  
Wid yo’ big gospul sledges!  
Till dey yell lak big Injuns  
An’ hollah lak stuck pigs!  
Den yo’ doin’ somepun  
An’ de Lawd will tink yo’ big!

Yo’ all’s playin’ possum!  
Yo’ hain’t doin’ er ting!  
Yo’ pray er pow’ful lots  
Shout lak sixty, an’ yo’ sing!  
Yo’ wah-whoop lak er ’pottamuss  
An’ yo’ knock de benches down,  
When time to hunt de sinners  
Dey hain’t one ob yo’ eroun’!

Yo’s rusty éz er hedge hog  
Wid er great big coat ob moss!  
Yo’ hain’t got no mo’ ’liggen



Den an' ol' box ankle hoss!  
Ef yo's put up at de auction,  
Yo' wouldn' fotch five cents!  
Fum de Lawd, ner er deacon,  
Umph! De awful consequence!

Yo' ol' hypocritts!  
Er sotin' lak stool piggens!  
Yo' tryin' to fool de fo'kses  
Make 'em tink yo' got religgen!  
Fo' yo', umph! De debbil's  
Gwine to heat hell ten times hotter,  
When it's time fo' to take yo'  
Down erpon his teeter-totter!

Why hain't yo' tom toms  
Er raisin' barrels ob racket?  
Yo' hain't got 'nuff 'liggen  
In yo' bones fo' to back it!  
Ah dah yo' to 'spute it!  
Whah am yo' alibi?  
Yo's rotten ez perturnips  
Dat am stood since las' July!

Yo' tink yo's got de cunnin'  
Ob an' ol' red brissled fox!  
But de Debbil when he stawts yo',  
Gwine to run yo' out yo' socks!  
Dey's one ting bout de debbil ob tricks an' cun-  
nin'  
He's past master!  
An' when it comes to sprintin',  
Dog mah cats! Dey hain't none faster!

Ez ah observates diss geddrin',  
An' ah focus ebbry one,  
Ah 'lows mah view to digress  
To de Lawd's woek lef' undone.  
Ez ah sees de sinners flockin' hyah

An pilein' in de pew,  
Ah says, good Lawd er mussy  
De Christians mus' be mighty few!

Now am de time!  
Whut yo' waitin' fo', now?  
Yo' hain't hoein' de tayters  
Ner follerin' de plough!  
Whut yo' gwine to do  
In de gittin' up day?  
Try to cunjer Satan  
An' den git erway!

Ah! lemmee tell yo',  
Dat ol' rabbitt foot yo' got,  
Won't save yo' mutton  
Ner keep yo' out de pot!  
Kaz de debbil am foddah  
Ob all sich ez dat!  
Dah Now! Lemmee ax you  
Umph! Now whah's yo' at?

Yo' hear de wind blo'?  
Which way am it gwine?  
Why am er goose tail  
Not lak er swine?  
Why does er peacock  
Tote erbout wid pride?  
Kaze he's got some de debbil  
Dat yo' got in yo' hide!

De buzzahd am er roostin'  
Way in de tree!  
An' de chessy cat er runnin'  
Lak de dickens fum me!  
But ah, lemmee tell yo',  
Dey's er whole lots ob fox fire!  
An' ah's 'fraid lots yo' Christians  
Am stuck in de mire!

Some's got er bull  
Some an' ox by de tail!  
Some am er bowin'  
An' er prayin' to bail!  
Some says er tangerrang  
Swallowed Jonah,  
An' not er whale!  
Bnt ah, who knows mah bruddah  
P'haps it might hab been er quail!

Yo' ol' backsliders!  
Way back in de pew!  
Lissen hyah to me!  
Ah's er tawkin' to yo'!  
De lion's laid down,  
But he hain't er sleep!  
Why am yo' laggin'?  
Umph! Why does yo' creep?

De shaddahs am er droopin'  
An' de sun em gittin' dim!  
Whah am yo' lamps?  
Am yo' got 'em trim?  
Ah 'spec' jes' lak de hittights  
Yo' fogot yo' kyahroseen!  
Ef dat's fac's an figgers,  
Good Lawd! Yo' skewcee am mighty leen!

Hawkee! Mah lambs!  
Umph! Hawkee mah sheep!  
Hell's blazin hot  
Umph! Hell's powful deep!  
Roozlum mighty Jacobs!  
Why am yo' all so fickle?  
When de distance fum hell  
Hain't wider den er nickle?

## OLD FRIENDS.

Tote erside, Dina,  
Lemme frow ope de doh;  
Hyah's Uncle Billy,  
An' hyah's Uncle Crow.  
It sho' am good  
Fo' mah ol' dim eyes  
To see yo' all ergin  
Fo' Ah draps off an' Ah dies.

Umph! Dis ol' shanty  
Hain't big ernuff fo' me,  
Mah ol' soul's er buzzin'  
Lak er big bumble bee.  
Ah clah, boys, Ah really  
Kain't tell how good Ah feels,  
But Ah feels plum good  
Fum mah head down to mah heels.

Skewze de ol' man, Diana,  
Fo' mah kickin' sich er romp,  
Kaze Ah's jes' got to holler  
An' Ah's jes' got to stomp!  
When sich ol' fren's  
Ez dese come 'roun',  
Ah's got to ac'er fool,  
An' Ah got to ac'er clown.

Fill up de dimmeejohn  
Full ob applejack,  
An' we'll drink an' swaller  
Till we's limber in de back

Yo' needn' be timid  
Kaze we's got er plenty mo';  
We's got barrels ob time,  
Yo' needn' hurry 'tall to go.

Look er hyah, Diana,  
Deeze boys am fum de Eas',  
Kill lots ob chickens  
An' kill lots ob geese.  
We'll hab er li'l' 'possum,  
An' coon, too, besides!  
We'll stuff an' feed 'em  
Till dey puff out at de sides.

Well, Uncle Billy;  
Umph! Uncle Crow!  
Dis am a reg'lar suckess.  
An' er reel side show;  
Yo' shall 'joy de bes'  
Dat dis ol' shanty's got;  
We'll fill up ebbery skillet,  
We'll fill up ebbery pot.

Foteh out yo' pipes, boys,  
Hab er li'l' smoke;  
Tell us 'bout de craps  
An' tell us 'bout de fo'ks.  
Lawdy massy, honey,  
Dina, how's yo' gittin' 'long?  
Put on some dem spah ribs,  
Honey, put on some dat corn.

Yo' hain't drank ernuff, boys,  
Take er li'l' mo';  
It tain't er bit ska'ce,  
We's got er barrel er so;  
Yo' know we ol' fo'ks  
Am boun' to hab ah totty;  
Boys, lemme 'duce yo'  
To mah li'l' gal, Lotty.

Make yo'se'ves at home,  
Ah's gwine to go an' chop some logs;  
Chase in de dogs  
An' lock up de hogs;  
It twon't be long,  
An' when Ah comes back  
We'll tote to de table  
An' fill up lak er sack.



## DOWN IN OL' VIRGINNY.

Ah jes' got back fum G'inny,  
An' yo' tawk erbout er time,  
It didn't cos' er nickel,  
Ner it didn't cos' er dime!  
All de latch strings ob de shanties  
Was er hangin' out fo' me  
Dey come eroun' to see me  
Same ez at er huskin' bee!

When dey hyahd Ah'd done erriven,  
Why, dey all come troopin' 'roun,  
De ol' fo'ks an' de young fo'ks  
Fum mos' ebbry pawt de town.  
Dey filed into de shanty.  
Went to shakin' hands wid me  
Ez doh it was de fustess time  
Dey'd seed me since we's free!

Dey shook mah hand an' squeesed it  
Sum de brudders full ob vim,  
Till dey bent me nigh mos' dubble  
An' Ah shook in ebbry lim'.  
Dey's some dem good ol' brudders  
Got er grip jes' lak er vice  
An' yo' bet Ah wasn't dyin'  
Fo' to hab 'em shake it twice.

Ah thought dey's gwine to eat me  
Sich er 'cepshun dat Ah got!  
Dey said Ah's gwine to git  
Some ob de bes' was in de pot.



De whole passel got 'roun' me,  
Went er circin' 'roun' an' 'roun'  
An' we all was soon er habin'  
Jes' ez much fun ez er clown.

'Twas lak er love feas' meetin',  
Er reg'lar juberlee!  
De way dem fo'ks was fussin'  
An' er kyarin' on ober me.  
Ebberybody 'joyed it  
An' dey was no standin' back,  
Plenty hosskerpality  
An' dey wasn't nuffin' slack!

Dey dooced me an' dey dooced me  
To fus' one an' den de udder,  
Dey ken' me dar er bowin'  
Till mah heart was in er flutter!  
'Twas, howdy Uncle Peter!  
'Twas, howdy Cousin, too!  
'Twas, Ah's jes' feelin' tollable,  
Uncle Noah, how yo' do?

'Twas, look hyah, yo' hain't Mandy's  
An' ol' man Bazzel's boy?  
Umph! Fo' de Lawd's sake, honey!  
Do let me dance fo' joy!  
Look hyah! Yo' mean to tell me,  
Yo's ol' man Bazzel's chile?  
See hyah, in mah shanty  
Dey's room fo' yo' all de while.

'Twas come to Sunday meetin',  
An' love feas' Chewsday night!  
An' don't fo'git de quiltin'  
At Sis Merlindy White's.  
'Twas come an' eat some dinner!  
An' stay er while wid me.  
Jes' eat an' drink good liquor,  
Till yo's too blind to see!

'Twas, how's ol' Uncle 'Rastus  
An' Miss Eliza Jane?  
An' how is craps up yondah,  
An' is yo' gittin' rain?  
Say! Whah's ol' Game Leg Ruffels?  
Is Sally married yet?  
An' how's yo' ol' dog Fido?  
An' whut's yo' done wid pet?

Yo' tawk erbout yo' eatin',  
Whut dey had fixed up fo' me,  
'Twas nuff to feed er reg'ment,  
An' twelve monkeys up er tree!  
Dey nearly lakd to kill me,  
Er feedin' me so much stuff.  
An' still dey kep' er sayin',  
Chile, yo' hain't eat ernuff.

Ah nebber had sich fusses,  
Made ober me befo',  
When it was time fo' gwine,  
Ah didn' want to go!

De ol' fo'ks got eroun' me,  
Er beggin' me to stay.  
To tell de troof erbout it,  
Ah could bahly git erway!

Dem fo'kses down in 'Ginny  
Lissen whut Ah's got to say,  
Dey'll feed yo' an' dey'll bunk yo',  
An' dey nebber ax no pay!  
Dey treat yo' lak de fam'ly,  
Dat's de way dey make yo' feel,  
An' dey'll gib yo' plenty hoghead  
Poke an' beans fo' ebbry meal!

Ef Ah keeps er tawkin' 'bout it  
Ah'll tote back dah fo' Ah know!  
Kaze de way dem fo'ks done treat me,  
Ah hain't 'tented hyah no mo'!  
Ah's got er mighty hank'rin  
Fo' ol' Virginny place,  
An' all Ah want's de 'vitin',  
An' Ah's sho' Ah won't be skace.





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